

He's Nursing a Fat Lip

Sinatra: 'I'll Marry Jackie If She'll Fix Her Teeth!'

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Story on Page 3



SCOOPING IT OUT

With Bernard
(Big Scoop)
Painter,
NEWS EXTRA
Editor



It's Time We Did Something About Mess in Our Capital!

After devoting years to studying the problems of this country, I have concluded that there is only one thing wrong with our government - Washington, D.C.

I have seen more perfectly rational people get elected to Congress than go off to Washington only to become outright lunatics once they arrive there.

As far as I'm concerned, there is something very strange going on in that place.

The case of President Ford is a perfect example.

Gerry was a perfectly normal young man who just liked to play football without a helmet before he fell under the D.C. spell.

Now, he sits in the Oval Office and makes the strangest pronouncements. Among them:

"The only reason we have such a high unemployment rate in this country is because so many people are out of work."

"I am not in favor of busing. If we are going to send grain to Russia we should use ships."

"If we spent less money we wouldn't be so far in debt."

See what I mean?

Also, you may have noticed that the President seems to have a great deal of difficulty walking in a straight line lately. He frequently trips over his own feet and occasionally falls down airplane ramps.

Obviously, some evil influence is causing this erratic behavior.

Perhaps it is something in the Washington, D.C. water supply. Maybe it is a chemical element in the polluted air. Perhaps the dirty Commies are slipping LSD into the food.

Until we are able to find out what it is about Washington, D.C., that drives people mad, we should abandon the city as our national capital.

It is my suggestion that we temporarily move the nation's capital to Altoona, Pa., until the Washington, D.C. mystery can be solved.

The survival of the United States dictates that we take action now. Get our politicians out of Washington now, and the whole nation will be better off.

EXTRA SPECIAL!



This EXTRA SPECIAL person is directing a crowd to the nearest newsstand to pick up the latest edition of NEWS EXTRA.

Letters From Our Trash Can...

So What if Report Was Full of Goofs; It Made Damn Good Reading

Dear Editor:

The story you published about my activities on the Island of Riomaggiore was full of enormous exaggeration.

I did not puzzle Mango Julep, as was suggested by your alleged reporters. I did not lose a vast fortune playing pin the tail on the donkey and I did not chase Monica Moonbottom about the cassas.

In reality, I was drinking strawberry pop on the rocks. I lost only a small fortune playing pin the tail on the donkey and Monica Moonbottom was chasing me through the cassas.

I thank your newspaper strike and I think you are a punk.

Frank Sinatra

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Reader:

What kind of a pervert are you, Harry?

Dear Editor:

You have a wonderful newspaper. I buy one each week at the corner newsstand.



Harry Czodrowski

and place it in my garbage pail. It returns moisture much better than the New York Times or the Washington Post.

Henry Kissinger

Washington, D.C.

Dear Editor:

Where can I write to Sophia Silicons whose photograph recently appeared in your newspaper. She has the most beautiful feet I have ever seen. I think I'm in love.

Harry Czodrowski

River Forks, Ind.

Dear Reader:

You can write to Miss Silicons at the Federal Stammer in Leavenworth, Kan., where she was sent shortly after being convicted as a Soviet spy. And, that's where you're going to end up if you don't get off that foot fetish kick, you jerk.

-The Editor.

Dear Editor:

How can I meet Riosanda Reed who writes all those wonderful stories about the stars? Her left ear looks funny on me. I think I'm in love.

Harry Czodrowski
River Forks, Ind.

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'I'll Marry You If You Fix Your Teeth,' Sinatra Says as He Puts Bite on Jackie

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

Frank Sinatra says he'll marry Jackie Onassis if she just gets her teeth fixed.

"Can't put up with no mag-toothed middle-aged dame," the entertainer was quoted as he confided to friends that he is ending his bachelorhood.

"That chick has a mouthful of molars so sharp that they make the shark in 'Jaws' look like Ma Perkins without her false teeth."

Sinatra has admired Jackie for a long time but the rumor in Hollywood is that he has avoided romantic involvement with her because of her sharp, irregular teeth.

"What is she bit him up in a spot?" an associate of Sinatra said. "She could cause severe injury and disfigurement — professionally fatal to a male. She old Praytex."

This NEWS EXTRA snooper learned that Sinatra reportedly has offered Jackie money and the services of his private dentist to get her mouth put right.

His NAME is Dr. Payne Iray, and he has a thriving Hollywood practice despite an unsavory background. He served 10 years in a West German prison after conviction of certain malpractices committed in connection with his job in a World War II Nazi concentration camp, where he was staff dentist.

NEWS EXTRA visited Dr. Iray at his Beverly Hills office, which is curiously decorated in the style of a torture dungeon.

There is a portrait of Adolf Hitler in his reception room. The doctor hastily explained he keeps it there only as a conversation piece.

"I never discuss mein patients," he said in his thick Prussian accent. "However, since der widow Onassis is not yet ein patient, I will talk."

"Certain parties haff approached me on her behalf. A very interesting case,

Madame Onassis. Reminds me off von that I had in Dachau, except she has no gold fillings to remove, of course."

"ACH, IT will be ein pleasure to operate on her. She will be beautiful by any man's standards. She will be fit for a führer."

"Now, if you will excuse me, I must get back to mein patients — I mean, mein patients. Heil Hitler!"

Hightailing it out of there, we sought out a friend of Sinatra who often can be cajoled into talking about Praytex for the price of a few drinks.

We mentioned that it didn't seem that Jackie's teeth were all that ugly and/or dangerous and asked why Sinatra was so insistent she get them fixed.

"He's got a third-class chick with sharp teeth," he said. "The story I get is that he got her teeth bit once when she was a kid in New Jersey, by a girl he wanted to go steady with."

"He was eat up so bad he couldn't sing for days. So he's had a phobia about it ever since."

BUT WHAT about his ex-wives — Nancy Barberi, Ava Gardner and Mia Farrow? They were all in possession of their God-given molars.

"I bear he made them sign marriage contracts promising that if they ever bit him, he could divorce them and not have to pay attorney," the friend said.

We next sought out a friend of Jackie, who hinted that Sinatra is not turned off so much by her irregular molars as he is by the fact that they are decayed.

"That's just a myth, these stories about him being afraid of being bitten," Jackie's friend confided.

"What he can't take is her bad breath. Seems she had a dentist in Greece while she was married to that old Greek guy, and he wasn't very good."

"HE HAD a theory that if a dentist does nothing about decayed teeth, the body will build up resistance to decay, and the teeth eventually will heal themselves."

"The guy was a raving drunk, but Jackie still believes in his methods. The trouble is, while she's waiting for her decayed teeth to heal themselves, her breath smells like a goat from a bearded's nose."

The friend said that when Jackie and Sinatra had several dates in quick succession a few weeks ago, he had to stuff cotton up his nose to keep from smelling her foal exhalations.

"I understand that he wouldn't even ride in the same car with her when they went to nightclubs," he said. "Sinatra told somebody it reminded him of his poverty days as a youngster when he lived next to a sewage disposal plant."

THE FRIEND confirmed that the pair will be married if Jackie agrees to do something about her oral condition.

"But she's stubborn," he said. "She says everybody has bad breath now and then, and Frank shouldn't let it bother him so much."

"But she's coming around now, and I understand she has agreed to do something about the problem."

"You have to admit — this makes the choice of Praytex's wedding present to her quite easy: a lifetime supply of Lavoris."



You'll have to admit that this photo of Jackie does make the shark in 'Jaws' look like Ma Perkins without her false teeth.

If you don't get your teeth fixed, Jackie, it's you who's from old Praytex.

Rhonda Reed's

Celebrity Notebook



Agents of Sinister Foreign Power Taking Over the Movie Industry!

ATTENTION CONGRESS: Hollywood is once again under sinister foreign influence as it was in the 1940s when Reds were running smut in the studios, putting their anti-American filth into scripts and poisoning young minds. This time the scum comes not from Soviet Russia, but the tiny kingdom of Miltar. Agents from that messed-up monarchy have infiltrated every major studio, and if Americans don't wake up fast the peculiar values of that so-called civilization will be filling our home town movie screens. We need a Congressional investigation, and fast!

Is Hollywood agent Prizelle Diswiddle's face red? Or is it merely purple? He burst into the office of *Rousse Studios* production chief, Babs von Shersberg, shouting that he'd just caught a "fascistic new comedy" act on TV the night before and said Rhonda Reed was part of the comedy under contract before Oscar Welles. Shersberg burst it to the punch. "They're great," said Prizelle. "There's this weirdo who's a guy who's a woman and a false mustache, a guy in a blonde flight suit who whistles but never talks, and a girl who talks like a Mafia gangster. Babs, before calling for his bouncers, told Prizelle he'd seen the same show: a rerun of a 40-year-old Marx Brothers movie.

Trouble on the set of "The Amputees of Altona," where Brenda Biggs has been giving director Sam Spade fits with her impossible demands for star treatment although she has only a walk-on part. Unfortunately, it's a big walk-on part, setting the tone for the whole flick. Brenda has no legs and waddles into a main scene on her stamps, kicking a doctor to death in the movie's opening scene, then committing suicide. Brenda says the director is not using her "good side" to his best advantage, and wants reshoots, with herself in control of what is printed.

You've heard of those two weirdos who are going around the country recruiting converts for a trip to Heaven in a UFO or something like that? Well, we have it that the whole thing's a publicity stunt for a new science fiction movie from Epic Production, Inc. — "Saucer Mama."

Porno star Marilyn Chambers is thinking about running for the U.S. Senate seat currently held by California Democrat John Tensley, on the platform "Salvation Through Satinism." Her sister in sin, "Linda Lovelace, is telling friends she's giving up the grand and will hit the road as an evangelist. "There's more money in it," Linda is telling friends.

For our money, the kiddy movie, "Love Me, Love My Beaver," is the most heartwarming movie of the season and should pick up a few of Oscars come next April. It's the story of a homeless boy, played by Rodney Allen Rippy, and his travels via beaver across the country with only a mangy pet beaver for company.

Country-western star Garry Schlesinger, whose current chart-buster is "I Ain't Gittin' Any," is being tabbed for stardom in an upcoming bio-flick about Jim Bob Haskins, whose life was tragically cut short when a mature spender ran amok at a county fair where he was performing and gashed him up into fertilizer.

They say Ali MacGraw will never reconcile with Steve McQueen unless he agrees to come crawling back to her, literally, on his hands and knees ... An enterprising animal trainer from Humping Bros., Brasham & Blaylock Circus is trying to find the two loppos that witnessed the recent remarriage of Richard Burton and Liz Taylor in Africa. He wants to put them in the side show.



Here's Shocking Proof!

Flying Nun Reads Books on Erotica

By RHONDA REED

NEWS EXTRA

Hollywood Correspondent
I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes: The Flying Nun reads dirty books.

See for yourself.

Sally Field, the actress who portrayed the wacky sister on television for several years, nearly lost her habit so she read the tome in her lap.

It was entitled "Fanny

Hill Meets Lady Chatterly's Lover"

and was written by Filthy McNasty,

known far and wide as one of the most scatological porn writers in the world.

The popular actress reportedly pursued the volume and others like it between takes on the set to the chagrin of producers and other people in the show.

McNasty wanted to maintain a fly-by-night front because of the religious subject matter.

"I nearly died when I saw Sally doing it for the first time," one source told NEWS EXTRA. "It was enough to make me blushing."

"I tried my best to get her to quit, but it proved useless. The girl just couldn't put that filthy book down."

Hick Hill Town Fields NBA Team; Twerps Can't Get on Scoreboard!

By URBAN KOLPIKES
NEWS EXTRA Sports Editor

The newest entry in the National Basketball Association has lost every game it has played, and for good.

In a league where a player is considered short if he stands less than 6 feet, 2 inches tall, the Abingdon Owls average 3 feet, 5 inches to the man.

"They're the laughing stock of the NBA, and for good cause," said Commissioner Larry O'Brien. "They went through the worst player draft I've ever seen.

"It's almost as if they were out to build the worst team they possibly could.

"A LOT of it has to do with their coach. She's a woman -- and boy, is she weird."

Most people in the world of sports were shocked when the league offered the franchise to Abingdon, a small town high in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western Virginia.

They were even more startled when Mrs. Ramona Gerwitz was named head coach.

But because of the Owls' terrible start in their inaugural

year, they are quickly becoming to basketball what the New York Mets were to baseball in the 1960s.

The Owls have averaged more than 14,000 people per game in the new Abingdon Civic Center. The fans continue to turn out despite defeats such as 173-3 to the Boston Celtics and 188-8 to the Chicago Bulls.

Top scorer for Abingdon so far has been Lucas Gerwitz, the team's 4-foot center and son of head coach.

IN EIGHT games, he has scored 13 points through the book.

"I like playing in the NBA, even if it means losing my shirt every game," he said. "It's just swell to jump center against Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Nate Thurmond."

"Just think, one of these days, I might even win one."

The top playmaker on the Owls is point Phillip Majewski, a guard whose only playing experience has come at Appalachian Elementary School, Boone, N.C.

Standing 3 feet, 1 inch tall, Majewski led the Appalachian State Semi-Pro League in scoring

last year with a 45-point-per-game average. But he is having his troubles this year.

He has been held scoreless in six of the Owls' eight games.

"IT'S REALLY tough going up against the likes of Wilt Chamberlain," he said. "He's just too big to dribble around, although I do manage to go between his legs a time or two when he was offguard."

Every time the Owls score a point, fans go wild.

A near riot erupted in the stands when they jumped out to a quick, 3-0, lead against the Detroit Pistons recently.

But the Pistons pressure defense kept the Owls out of the scoring column for the rest of the first half. They won going away, 137-5.

Several players have tried to join the Abingdon team, including Wilt "The Stilt" Chamberlain. But Coach Gerwitz turned him down flat.

"I just couldn't see how Wilt would fit into our offensive plans," she said. "After all, he's more than 7 feet tall. Our players just wouldn't have been able to get him the ball."

"AND WHAT would have happened when we tried to fast break?"

"Everyone knows Wilt is terribly slow. But when the Owls go down court, you can bet that all five men will be streaking for the basket at once. Wilt just wouldn't have been able to keep up."

Having the worst team in the league may give the Owls first pick in the 1980 player draft, but Coach Gerwitz says she's not going to go for top talent.

"We're going to get the best short player in the country," she said. "We've got our eyes on several prospects right now."

"I've heard there's a great 3-foot guard in Pocatello, Idaho, by the name of Yablonka. And there's supposed to be another one by the name of Majewski in Toronto."

"EITHER ONE of them could be our first selection."

"One thing is for sure, though: We're out to prove that the day of the big man is dead in the NBA."

"People might laugh at us now, but they won't when we start winning our games. And I predict that we'll win our first one by 1982."

Wilt Chamberlain tried to join the Abingdon Owls, but Coach Gerwitz turned him down.
"Wilt is too slow," Gerwitz told NEWS EXTRA as the worst team in the NBA posed for our lensman.



THE NEWS EXTRA
November 30, 1975

Our Writing Contest!

Hawaii, site of the famed leper colony.

ALSO OF great interest was his documentary film of the Hinstead family and their dog vacationing

in Illinois.

But all good things must come to an end, and so finally it was bedtime for NEWS EXTRA's prize-winning cadre of neophyte

newspaper people. Unfortunately, Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom stresses cosy, down-home comfort rather than quantity in its accommodations, so all but 17 of our weary winners had to depart.

"Hit da road, turkeys," Jake Hinstead chirped in farewell. "And don't try to sack eat near my parkin' lot or I'll turn the dogs on ya."

The fortunate few that remained spent the night in rustic luxury on the comely cots Jake had so cleverly constructed from the back seats of junked Chevies. A couple of them complained of a mid-night invasion by ghetto rats and drug-addicted hippos from the nearby Wild Animal Kingdom. Those whiners again, don't they ever stop?

THE NEXT day, Saturday, was reserved for rental, leisurely pursuits. Following a hearty breakfast of pan-fried leftover crap, most rebels elected to return to their rooms for stomach pumpings and short naps.

Old Jake sits in front of his Altoona motel.



Old Jake sits in front of his Altoona motel.

Second Place: 'Has Anybody Seen My Doggy?'

By HARRINGTON RICHARDSON

Four score and seven months ago, my four fathers brought forth on this continent a new doggy, conceived in Asuncion, Paraguay, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal and that they should love, honor and obey his master.

I am writing this today to honor that fine doggy, my friend and companion, Fang. He was my dog. I was his master.

He asked not "What can my master do for me?" but "What can I do for my master?"

He was a good dog and I loved him in a very special way. It was a platonic relationship, but a meaningful one. And all too short.

I remember when I got Fang. My four fathers brought him to me in a big cardboard box that said "CAFE USA" on the side, and I knew something special was inside the box from the way it was packed.

As I peered inside, I saw him, a tiny brown bundle of fun resting around in some back issues of the *Associated Press Herald* after a park bone.

I introduced myself. "Arl," said Fang. "What is your name? I



Harrington Richardson

asked.

"Arl," he answered. "Good, I shall call you Arf Richardson."

"Call me 'Fang' instead, Arf sounds too British," Fang scoffed.

So it was that I named my little doggy Fang. And it was a good thing I did, because a few months later I met an Englishman named Arf and he was a faiy. No one liked him.

Fang and I get along famously from the first. You know how puppies are, all foot and fur and teeth and chumashas. Fang was that to a "T" and he loved everybody, even the fat kid next door. And no one liked him.

As Fang grew, our feelings toward each other grew toward true love, although still of the plutonic kind.

I loved to watch him as he grew. They change so fast, kids and dogs. With

foolishness and a heavy heart I recall each new achievement, each plateau in his journey to adulthood.

His first pile on the carpet - he was only a few days old - landed right in front of the TV set. I was proud as only a father can be.

His first hole gnawed into a curtain - he was just three weeks old - lifted my heart with his unknown heights.

Other achievements followed shortly - his first solid feed, his first steps outside, his first bear, his first squirrel, his first date. Ad yes, I remember it well.

AND THROUGH IT ALL, I was changing as well. I no longer saw Fang as that scrawny, hammy-bird-like nuisance that barged into my life in a CAFE USA carton. I could see Fang in adulthood as the the personification of strength, beauty and power.

More than that, Fang understood me. We talked for hours about the silicon things, the baseball games and sports car races that would have put my wife, Maria, to sleep from boredom. But sometimes we could spend an evening in silence, just gazing on each other's vibes.

Fang had become for me everything Maria never was and my mistress,

"Ya done shot yer wads yesterday," Jake observed. "There ain't nothing else to do around here."

Sunday was more of the same, although one or two outdoers leaving 3rd Priests took advantage of the brief interruptions in Altoona's famed all-year drizzle to sunbathe nude in Jake's parking lot.

"It's called 'catching a few rays,'" explained Freda Mae Thadspacker, 20, of Righteous Falls, N.Y., who took honors for her exciting story, "Fear and Loathing in an All-Night Car Wash." Our art director described the pictures she sent with three words: "Jaws, glorious jaws!"

Jake Hinstead, a gifted raconteur, entertained the sunbathers with wild tales of his rockin' days working in an electronics factory.

TOO SOON the day drew to a close. And as the sun settled in the west and the herds of hungry, diseased mosquitoes swarmed in from the banks of the Pussassuket River, Jake Hinstead bid NEWS EXTRA and its winners a fond farewell.

"Clear out now, ya homos, and don't never darken my doorstep again not unless ya bring some serious dough-rayne," he said. "If I ever catch one of you no-counts 'round here again, I'll feed ya to the hippos."

Stupid Jerk Eats the Award

For his winning entry, Harvey Garlock has been presented the prestigious Bernard H. "Big Scoop" Pulitzer Writing Award for Journalistic Excellence and Literary Achievement in First Person Reporting in the Doggy Eating Category. NEWS EXTRA had planned to publish a photograph of the presentation but, unfortunately, Harvey ate the award before we could take a picture of it.

WONDER OF wonders, he wagged his tail and nodded his head yes. It was the happiest evening of my life. I went to bed that night feeling fulfilled and dreaming of our wedding day, when our special relationship would soar beyond the photonic stage forever.

But as so often happens in life, tragedy followed happiness. Fang came home from play the next day with his fur on fire.

"Who could have done this?" I wailed, throwing a pot of water on the love of my life. "What sort of monster world are we living in?"

Prone to be God, Fang survived. And I promised I would nurse him back to health and we would be together always.

"Don't you worry about a thing, Fang. Your fur will grow back good as new. And your Harrington, darling, will never let this happen to you again. I'll keep you safe."

I tried to keep him in the house after that, Lord knows. But Fang had to be free, had to feel the wind against his stung tail, see the people he loved. It was with intense fear I let him eat the door for a morning run.

I never saw him again. Today would have been our anniversary.

Help! Help! Scream Candy-Bottomed Gents as They Run for the Border

Holy Schmoly! Mean, Nasty Libbers Take Over Miltar



You gotta hold it Buster or wet your pants because those libbers won't let you in the John, which was renamed Joan.



Mrs. Freedon, a stacked blonde who resembles Jane Fonda, is acting as spokesman for the militant ladies. You say they don't look alike. Blame it on our stupid photographer who chose the wrong lighting and profiles for these pictures.

A radical group of women's libertarians have taken over the capital city of Miltar, that tiny little nation tucked away in the Alps.

Miltar has fallen and men are fleeing to the borders rather than suffer humiliation at the hands of the MAD WASPs, as the violent women call themselves.

The WASPs, who have assumed control of Miltar's only public men's washroom, chant: "Men Are Disgusting. Women Are Superior Persons."

They proceeded to gag all day sit-in at the public faculty, barring all men from entering the three coining businesses and transportation to a grinding standstill.

According to Milton Padericki, Miltar's ambassador to the U.S., the government graciously underfunded the power of the MAD WASPs.

"THEY WERE A BUNCH OF WIMPS," he said. "They couldn't get a date with a decent man." In today's NEWS EXTRA, the exasperated interviewee: "There were only 32 of them, underfed, as we say."

But by Tuesday evening, the group had grown to 3,800. "A strange number," mused Ambassador Padericki, "because our latest census revealed only 3,800 people in the country."

"We now have reason to believe that the other three MAD WASPs are Americans. Lady Bird Johnson, Joan Baez and Toda Fields recently applied for visitors visas to Miltar. We have reason to believe they may be here to stay to help us liberate our country."

At 5 p.m. on Tuesday, the huge army of miltarists marched on the public square. Waving knives, guns and chains, they demanded that all Miltar men come to the square. Put pants.

Spokesperson for the group, a stacked blonde who strongly resembles



Right on sister! You sit back and enjoy the evening paper while your schmuck husband needs your frenzied garments.



The high command for the MAD WASPs' plan strategy for the awful take-over.

Jane Fonda and calls herself Ms. Freedon, announced that Hitler was under her control.

YEN OF the women marched to the center of the square, stripped to their undergarments and burned their bras.

This is taken to mean that the women are now free. From this hour on, we women will wear the pants and you men will wear the bra."

The MAD WASPs ordered all male citizens of Miltar to dress in women's clothing one day a week as proof of their subserviency.

The men were further ordered to assume all household chores. "If you are a slob, your household money will be cut in half," bawled the leader.

The meeting was adjourned early to allow the men time to go home and prepare dinner. They were warned, however, to report to their places of business punctually the next morning for new duty assignments.

At 9 p.m. Tuesday, the MAD WASPs stormed Miltar's only strip joint, the Showboat, Tell Her on East 7th Street.

THE OWNER, a man who was ordered to the stage where he will perform nightly until replacement male strippers can be hired. Then he will alternate with the other men, waiting tables and bestowing favors on the female clients.

At 10 p.m. all of Miltar's male citizens took the women Libbers seriously. Padericki told NEWS EXTRA that Miltar's General Hospital had a record number of emergency cases that night—all men.

"Most of them showed signs of having been physically abused," the Ambassador said, referring to a telephone wire from Dr. Lucy Morgan, formerly a clinical housewife in hospital. "There were contusions, superficial cuts and a few burns."

"Apparently the burns were self-inflicted during the preparation of the event," he added.

At 11 p.m. Tuesday, MAD WASPs patrols guard the streets of Miltar, with an eye out for any errant male.

A milteman, who had slept through the meeting in the town square and did not know of the takeover, was apprehended at rifle point while being detained for the two hours of Wednesday morning. He was ordered to trade clothes with a militant widow who would assume his duties.

At 9 a.m. on Wednesday, businesses opened as usual. Most of the male workers were half-naked and bagged and tired after making breakfast and doing household chores.

As was expected, the men were relegated to duties of dubious importance, regardless of their skills or qualifications. Their pay was lowered accordingly.

The MAD WASPs assumed executive positions in each business, public and private. They immediately gave themselves exorbitant pay raises, company cars and fantastic expense accounts.



Poor Hitler! He has to suffer for the last-ordained braids. Watch out for the hands, Herbie, these crazy gals would like nothing better than polishing the family jewels.



They ALREADY hold meetings all day and ask the "boys" as they called them, to bring coffee.

At the close of the business day, the male population of Miltar scurried home to change the babies, let in the dogs, pat out the cats, clean the house and fix the meals.

Ms. Freedon, who defrosted and defrosted King Vito III and now rules Miltar, decreed that Santa Claus will not longer make the Miltar run. And if anyone passes out Christmas gifts this year, Ms. Claus will be the one to receive them.

THESE HAVE been mixed reactions on an international level at the news that Miltar has been seized by the women's libbers.

Henry Kostege just smiled vaguely and picked his nose.

Giorgio Orsella scratched King Vito's name from his personal address book.

And Princess Grace of Monaco canceled her upcoming speaking engagement at the Riliana La Leche meeting.



Santa better not make a stop in Miltar this year because that sharp knife will find its mark, the libbers warned.



The MAD WASPs burned their bras as a gesture of their new-found liberations. The gals who did the burning didn't need the bras anyway, we're told, because they are all flat-chested.



Joan Baez

Lady Bird Johnson

Yvonne Fields

Gives up Rare Coin to the Hand Maidens

Nerd Head Who Blew Million at Massage Parlor Returns & Drops \$273,000 More!

By STEVE BENSON

NEWS EXTRA

Crime Editor

and

ROXANNA HOUNDREE

NEWS EXTRA

Amusement Editor

That vagabond fruit peddler Stavros Pappas has done it again.

The man who won \$1 million in the Illinois State Lottery and then blew it in one night at a massage parlor has blown another fortune.

One of the people who bought fruit at his stand on the corners of Clark and Division Streets in Chicago mistakenly gave him a 1928 Grover Cleveland double-eagle dollar for two pounds of bananas and one pound of apples.

Only 400 copies of the coin were minted before public furor against Cleveland proved as strong that production stopped.

ONLY 23 copies of the \$1 piece are known to exist, each one worth approximately \$273,074.73 on the open market.

"I knew it was valuable the second I saw President Cleveland's ugly face," said the former patient at Mendota State Hospital, a mental institution, a man who has been back on the streets for only six months.

"And I knew it was only the way I was going to get to see my true love. She told me never to come back to Aunt Mabel's

A NATIONAL NEWS EXTRA UPDATE REPORT

Family Massage Parlor unless I had hard, cold cash."

As reported in the Nov. 31, 1975 issue of NEWS EXTRA, Pappas wandered in to the North Side Chicago massage parlor one day after winning top prize in the Illinois State Lottery.

"I DECIDED: 'What the hell,'" he said. "I pushed open Aunt Mabel's door and entered parlor."

Inside, 17 of Aunt Mabel's "nieces" lounged on soft cushions, amid soft lights and sensuous music.

Aunt Mabel herself sat behind a small desk.

She was not pleased to see the fruit merchant, who was wearing Salvation Army clothes at the time. Her attitude changed, however, when he told her he had \$1 million to spend for "the best rub in town."

"She said: 'Sonny, you've come to the right place,'" he recalled. "She asked me to pick out the nice I wanted to give me a massage.

"I pointed to a blonde sitting over in the corner beneath a black light. Her name was Beth. I'll never forget her as long as I live."

A few seconds later, the girl named Beth was escorting Pappas back to his working quarters, a large room even more sumptuous than the waiting area.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, Pappas re-emerged from the room, a changed man.

"That was the first time I'd ever seen a woman naked, except for the times I tried to strip an old broad I found drunk in the gutter."

"When Beth saw my body for the first time, she started retching. But then she said: 'What the hell ...' and started in on her work."

"After 24 hours, though, she turned to me and said: 'Your time's up, Charley. Back it!'" Pappas recalled. "She had me endorse my winstalgic check and told me to leave."

"By that time, I was madly in love with her. I asked her to marry me. But she said she didn't have the time, that other customers were waiting.

"I LEFT sad, but happy that I had found the girl of my dreams."

Pappas knew that the only way he would be able to see the beautiful Beth again was to make another large winning either in the lottery or in some other area.

"I'd almost given up hope until I ran across that coin," he said. "I knew right off that it had to be

valuable.

"As soon as I saw President Cleveland's ugly features, I knew that there probably weren't too many others in the world like it."

"I looked it up in the library, and sure enough, I discovered it was selling for \$273,000 or more."

Pappas tucked the coin safely in his bib overalls and trudged to Aunt Mabel's.

"When Beth saw me, she almost fainted," he said. "She screamed: 'Oh, no! Not him again!'

"BUT SHE recovered quickly enough and said: 'I'll give me a massage for the coin.'

Because NEWS EXTRA is a family paper, it is impossible to report what transpired in the massage room. But suffice it to say that all of Pappas' tensions were relieved.

"But she kicked me out after only five hours," Pappas said. "I asked for more, but she refused. She asked for more money."

"I offered her all I had — \$17,000 — but she said that wouldn't buy me the time of day."

"It was at that moment that I finally realized Beth was a gold digger," he said. "She was only out for my fortune."

"Well, I know that I'll never be going back to her again. But her blonde friend Amy, well, maybe."



Will Stavros ever learn a lesson? The sins of the flesh are costly, my boy, and you certainly have paid your dues.



Grover Cleveland's mug appears on the 1928 double-eagle dollar. We're printing a picture of old Grover in case you come across one of the coins when your head is in the gutter.

**Armed With Feather & Believed Ridiculous;
Bolt Your Door to Loon Lawmen Warn Gals**

Mad Tickler Is on Loose!

By STEVE BENSON
Crime Editor

Beware the handsome young fellow posing as one of those harmless but obnoxious door-to-door magazine peddlers. He may be the perverted Mad Tickler.

He convinces his way into suburban homes on the pretext of selling to the bored, hancy housewives' subscriptions to magazines they'll never read. Then he hauls them to the floor and violently tickles them behind the knees.

Housewives in such far-flung places as Wilmington, Del., and Ogallala, Okla., have become human vegetables for periods of as long as a minute and a half from uncontrollable laughing fits. Some fell victims to embarrassing hiccup attacks. And

one woman reportedly wet her pants.

WHAT'S WORSE, he has no known connection with any reputable door-to-door magazine subscription peddling company. He allegedly skips town with the money and the housewives never receive their magazines.

"It was simply awful," pretty Marcia D., of Redwood, Ind., told NEWS EXTRA. "I thought I was going to lose my mind."

Mark, 30, said the Mad Tickler knocked on her front door late one Monday morning. Her husband was away on a business trip.

"I was doing my morning chores, you know, vacuuming the refrigerator and washing the lipstick stains from the carpets, when he showed up. I was

wearing my casual morning chores outfit — garter belt, black nylons, a peek-a-boo black bra and a helmet.

"'Meier reader!' he shouted after knocking.

"'What a minute, I'm not decent,' I answered. I took off that ugly old helmet and opened the door."

Mrs. D. said she detected his intent when she spotted his armload of magazines and order forms.

"'Surprise, surprise,' he said. 'I happen to represent a famous firm and we have learned that you are recognized as the prettiest lady in town. As such you are eligible for the top prize in our contest for Smart Lady of 1975.'

Mrs. D. said the top prize was a two per cent discount on

magazine subscriptions ordered in quantities of 10 or more. Flattered and overwhelmed by the news, she let the peddler in.

"We had hardly got beyond my signing the contracts for 10-year subscriptions to 'Life,' 'Look' 'Collier's Weekly,' 'Mysticism' Quarterly and six others when he grabbed me by the elbow and tossed me to the floor," she recalled.

"I thought sure he was going to rape me."

"'HUT NO, dammit,' he tickled me behind the knees.'

"I was so charged with emotion I hardly knew what happened next. I giggled and giggled until my sides hurt. I begged him to stop. I had a tough time getting my breath."

"When we came to, I was

hiccuping violently and soaked with sweat. The tickler lit two cigarettes and handed me one. I dropped it during one particularly strong hiccup and scorchied my thigh.

"And when I caught my breath, I told him: 'You're a weirdo and a cheap fraud. I wish you'd go away.'

"He left and I went to the cap station to report the attack. While I was there I met 11 other women, all hiccuping madly, who said they'd been assaulted by the Mad Tickler."

Indeed, as less than 56,583 women in the U.S. and Canada claim to be victim of the Tickler. While he usually used the shoulder grime to regain their confidence, a few women revealed he also posed as a roamer, a swingin'-single bar drunk, a fast food counterman and a driver's license examiner.

IN ONE case he posed as a hospital intern and ravished female patients with an ice-cold stethoscope.

Little is known about the giggle-crazed lunatic except the meager information that his name is Oswald T. Gadd, he lives at 437 French St., Lecumberry, R.I., comes from a broken home and has a toy train in his apartment with 368 yards of track.

He also is believed to wear a mustache and have an unnatural desire to put on white shirts and three-piece striped suits.

"Women who desire to protect their sanity from this madman are urged to shut their front doors shut and never answer the phone unless their husbands are at the other end of the lines," said Clarence Kelley, FBI chief.

"IF YOU sight this lunatic, do not try to apprehend him yourself. He is armed with a feather and believed ridiculous. Report him to the proper authorities at once and then ditch him."

Meanwhile, lawmen in the nation's southern states report that Gadd's marauding has set off what may turn into a major crime wave. Door-to-door magazine subscription peddlers in Georgia, Alabama and Texas reportedly have adopted his techniques.

"Within a week, four of them had come to my place, knockin' on the door and sayin' 'Oswald Gadd, Mad Tickler to see you,'" said Kenny Lee Sapperson, of Gater, Ga. "They was friends, all of them, and I didn't get one tickle. And now I've got three copies of 'Time,' and one 'Newsweek' in the mail every week."

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Beware, sister, if a suave, mustachioed gent appears at your door claiming to be a magazine hustler. If we are keenest, that peddler is nothing more than the crazed Mad Tickler who's gain entrance to your pad with a sales pitch and then tickles you to death, almost. If he is, scream baby! Scream for your local gendarmes or the FBI.



This Slave-Driving Boss of Ice Plant Fires Workman for Catching Pneumonia

Edwards Navarro had come up the hard way. And he was going to make sure his employees gave him 16 cents worth of work for every penny of pay.

But the hard-nosed, slave driver got carried away when he fired young Rick Tinkey for catching pneumonia on the job.

Now the rest of his employees are on strike and Navarro's Crinkly Cubes and Silvers Co., in Gater and Georgia's largest ice supplier as turning to slush before his very eyes.

The deplorable working conditions were made public after Tinkey's death.

Navarro's ice company at one time had employed 60 men. But the greedy owner had pruned his staff to only 10 at the time Rick

was stricken.

FOR WAGES of 80 cents per hour, far below the national minimum wage scale, the skeleton crew worked in the huge warehouse where the ice was frozen and then silvered by hand and packaged in plastic bags for shipment to Gater's bars and liquor stores.

The men worked seven days a week, often for 12 hours a day without a break. They did not even have access to a warming cup of coffee, because stony old Navarro believed the heat radiated by coffee would slow down the freezing process of the ice.

Although Navarro never paid his employees overtime, he always decked their paycheck if they were so much as one

minute late.

And he was a silver-tongued devil, to boot. Edwards had convinced Tinkey and the others that he was giving them liberal company benefits with a first rate health and accident insurance policy.

WHAT HIS poor, not-too-smart workers didn't know was that he deducted the premiums from their paychecks — with a few extra cents to cover his own insurance!

Several months before Tinkey's health problems began, Navarro had posted a notice on the bulletin board: "Employees are no longer allowed to wear heavy clothing on the job because it is the opinion of management that coats and sweaters inhibit movement and slow down productivity."

So there they were in the dropping temperatures in a freezing cold ice cube factory dressed to go to the tennis court.

The day that Tinkey's wife gave birth to their ninth child, the man was three minutes late to work. Navarro, a former madman, gave him a stern lecture and told him to shape up or ship out.

"He worked 16 hours that day," his widow Ruby told NEWS EXTRA. "The next morning, he had a little sniffle but he said that he had to go to work or he would be fired."

THREE DAYS after his head cold began, Tinkey could hardly walk the 18 1/2 miles to the Crinkly Cubes and Silvers Company. But he dragged himself to work minutes before the time clock hit 6 a.m.

It was obvious that the man was sick, very sick.

"Rick's face was flushed and he was sweating like a muthy," said fellow employee, Lawrence Hyppie. "About 10 a.m., he went to Navarro and asked if he could take the rest of the day off without pay because he didn't feel well."

Navarro told him that if he walked out on that dose he should not bother to come back.

"With a wife, eight children and a new baby, what could Rick do?"

At 3 that afternoon, Tinkey slumped to the floor. Navarro went over to where the desperately ill man lay and kicked him.

The other workers heard him shout:

"TINKEY, YOU no good lay dead. You don't lay down on the job when you work for Navarro! You are fired."

"We can run over to Rick," said Hyppie. "But it was obvious that he was in a coma. All the while, Navarro was bollering at us, 'Get moving. Get back to work. This load has gotta go out.'

"We know what we had to do. We all walked off the job and carried Rick to Doc Finegood's office in Gater."

The doctor took Tinkey's temperature — 105 degrees. He placed his stethoscope to his chest. "Triple, walking pneumonia with acute bronchitis and pleurisy compounded by a weakened physical condition from overwork and made worse by the fact that he hates his job and has lost his will to live."

Three hours later, Tinkey was dead.

After attending Tinkey's pauper's burial, his widow went to see Navarro.

"Insurance pay?" he yelled at her. "I fired him for sleeping on the job. He don't get none."

"I asked about the insurance to pay for Doc Finegood," wept Ruby. "He said insurance wouldn't cover it because it stopped when Rick was fired and he was fired three hours before he died."

The other nine men refused to go back to work until Navarro meets their demands:

- A new location of the ice plant in a highrise in downtown Gater.

- A company paid insurance program to specifically include pneumonia and pregnancy.

- Two weeks sick pay per year.

- Four weeks paid vacation per year.

- No overtime.

- More workers.

- Insurance for psychiatric services in cases of matiness due to job frustration.

NEWS EXTRA went to Navarro for comment and found him standing in his cold warehouse, knee-deep in water, chipping away at a big bank of melting ice. "Give 'em to those bums!" he shouted. "Never. Give 'em an inch and they take a mile. I'll do all right without them."



"Spare the whip and spoil the workers," Navarro bellowed as NEWS EXTRA interviewed the satelite ice plant owner.

Strongest Child in the World Can't Even Tie His Shoelaces

Little Craig David may be the strongest kid in the world, but he still can't tie his shoelaces.

Consequently, he stumbles a lot. And that can be embarrassing for a 10-year-old reputed to be stronger than any other minor in the world.

"When people laugh at me I have to break their arms," Craig told NEWS EXTRA. "Unless it's a girl, of course, and then I just break her necklaces around her head."

Craig lives in Anacorda, Mont., with his parents, Eddie and Flo, sister Yvonne and a pet steamroller named Fowler. Anacorda is not far from Butte, which is the home town of famed motorcycle mechanic Evel Knievel.

Craig said he first noticed he was the strongest kid in the world three months ago during an afternoon tag-of-war game with Fowler. Fowler lost.

"**B**efore that, Fowler always won," Craig said. "He's a 16-ton steamroller from England that my uncle Horne gave me for Christmas."

"I thought maybe he was having a bad day or something. You know, maybe he was out of steam. But I tried again the next day and towed him all the way to the car. Mommy won't let me take Fowler into the street."

"And then I tried picking the steamroller up by an arm and I could easy. Pretty soon I'll be able to throw it across the yard."

"And then I'll do what I wanted to do ever since Christmas — which is to break Fowler apart in pieces."

The Davids credit the boy's uncle Horne for making him so strong. He gave Craig the steamroller because it seemed like a sturdy device that looked like it might last past New Year's Day.

SURE ENOUGH, as 1974 drew to a close, all but one of Craig's shiny new toys lay discarded in the trash. A veterinarian had to be summoned to put his new pet pony to sleep as it seemed to be suffering



Little Craig towing Fowler across the front yard of his Anacorda home. A kid like this could grow up to be a menace to society.

after Craig pulled its legs off.

Fowler the steamroller, however, was made of sterner stuff. It survived, driving the destructive boy to greater achievements.

"For weeks, he couldn't even dent it, try though he might," Flo David recalled. "His persistence was really something to see. He'd get a running start across the yard and then crash — Bam! — headfirst into one of the big steel rollers."

"When he started trying to tow it around the yard with his soaker chain his little body would shake with frustration. Finally he did move it, and you should have seen him grin."

EDDIE AND I were watching him from the front room window. We couldn't have been prouder if he'd just made the Little League team.

AND CHALLENGERS constantly seek him out with the idea of snatching his title away. In fact, an upstart from Illinois arrived during NEWS EXTRA's exclusive interview with young David.

He was an ugly kid. He said his name was Randy and that his daddy, a rent-a-cop, had told him he was the strongest kid in the world.

"I'm calling you out, punk," Randy said. "My daddy said I was the strongest kid in the world and he's always right."

Craig was forced to break both of Randy's arms.

The challenger's equally bony father emerged from a parked car nearby. "You callin' me a lie, punk?" And Craig broke both of his arms.

"Oh, Craig! You've made me so proud!" Mrs. David gushed. "Strength, courage and heroism — what more could a mother ask in a son?"

IN THE weeks that followed, the David boy has worked to strengthen his hold on the strongest-kid-in-the-world title. He painted over several outhouses (concrete block jobs put up by the state, not the family) and hung things with moon in the doghouse in honor of Halloween and turned a school bus into a convertible by pulling off its roof in honor of a sunny Indian summer day.

But the problem of tying his shoelaces continues. Even if he managed to make a decent knot, the laces always snap in two when he pulls them tight.

"I don't mind," the lad said, philosophically. "If being the strongest kid in the world means never being able to tie my shoelaces, it's all right. I'll wear sandals."

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THE NATIONAL **NEWS** EXTRA COMIC CAPER

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Hubert Humphrey's Political Future Is Doomed; He's Too Darn Truthful!

By STURGIS K. FORNEY
Washington Correspondent

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey recently became a has-been in politics when the famed Liars' Club tossed him out for telling a true statement.

"We gotta think about our reputation," said Otto Babbitt, co-founder of the 41-year-old organization. "We can't take a chance on honest people sneaking in and taking over."

As for Humphrey's long-standing reputation in government, nothing remains but to cover the rotting corpse before it starts to stink.

NEWS EXTRA was there when the huge Washington Liars' Club chapter confronted the senator with evidence of honesty us becoming a politico. It was pathetic:

"Everyone's entitled to one mistake," the pansy, balding politician was heard to whimper.

"It's not like I do this every day. Never before have I strayed to the right and narrow and never shall I again."

But the verdict was clear: the votes were cast. And Hubert Humphrey, long-time veteran of politics and government, was thrown out of the Liars' Club for telling the truth.

"But god, fellows, god, won't you reconsider? I have a family to support, a fine wife, nice kids and a cute little doggie." He knew his name around Washington would be "Mad" soon; he'd be tabbed as a man "soft on B-S-ing."

"If word of this ships out, my career is as good as dead. Nobody in this town will hire me. I'll be on welfare. Won't you please reconsider?" he whined.

THE LIARS' Club Select Subcommittee on Unapproved Truth Telling responded with a thundering "No." It ignored the end of a distinguished career, but Humphrey refused to give up.

"Oh, I get it. You're lying. It's a ploy, right fellas?"

"You know the score," the committee people responded. This time they underscored their point with action, with intent unmitigable, by banishing the politico out of the clubhouse.

NEWS EXTRA followed the aging politician on his gravity-allowed flight down the clubhouse steps onto the dusty, Washington, D.C. sidewalk. Deep in his own private misery, he ignored our questions, shuffling along alone. He muttered an occasional "damn the luck" and kicked, with barely controlled fury at a discarded beer can.



Hubert might be able to make it as a retiree.

WE CAUGHT up with him at a dark, quiet neighborhood bar. He was sitting, still alone, in a corner booth, carving curse words into the scarred table top with a White House letter opener.

How did it happen? NEWS EXTRA-land wants to know.

"Leave me alone, won't you see? I've been humiliated, hurt to the very core of my existence? My reputation is shot, in this town my ass is grass," he mumbled, staring darkly into a mug of watered Old Milwaukee.

After much prodding, we got the whole story out of him. It seemed that Hubert Humphrey, veteran politician, senator from Minnesota, former vice president and once a presidential candidate himself, had been caught telling a truth.

"They wouldn't bend the rules, not even once," he moaned. "Word had that after all the lies I'd done, the campaign practiced the press releases and whatever, they'd let me off with maybe a reprimand. A simple slap on the wrist would have been sufficient."

"WHAT REALLY galls me is it had nothing to do with politics, the truth thing that is. If I'd made a campaign promise I intended to

keep, or something like that, I could understand their stubbornness. But this was so petty."

He referred us to a certain page of several May issues of The Washington Post newspaper and said no more.

Bursting with curiosity, we hurriedly checked the pages he'd mentioned. We found them mystifying, and to be frank, extremely boring. Why, we wondered, would we refer us to "Section 3, Classified Advertisements — Autos, Used?" Then, lacking something better to do, we checked the terms, one by one.

Our 14th place call, in regard to a 1964 Ford Falcon sedan in "good cond. No rust. Low miles," was answered by a pleasant sounding woman who said, "Why, yes, my husband Hubert's car is still for sale."

"COMMON ever thought to look at it if you want. We're right next door to Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz," she said.

"So we did. It wasn't much of a lead, but it was all we had. Maybe

Humphrey had told the truth in the ad, which is something no used car seller ever does.

Ford, dispraised that theory. It was a corroded, brown-beaten clunker with 95,000 miles on the clock and the hood tied shut with electrical cord. As we kicked its mirror smooth left front tire, the senator appeared jingling a set of keys in his left hand.

"What's that hissing sound?" he demanded. "Oh, it's just the time — some Scotch Tape will fix that. Want to take it for a spin?"

Suddenly his cheerful grin collapsed into a scowl. He had recognized us.

"NOT YOU guys from the NEWS EXTRA again," he spat. "I have no further comment for the press at this moment about the unfounded allegations that I reportedly had once told a truth."

When pressed, however, the senator revealed that an undercover agent from the World Liars' Club had test-driven the rattletrap Ford as part of a routine investigation. He had backed it off the Humphrey driveway directly into a large oak tree across the street.

"Dope," said the undercover man. "They have stepped on the wrong pedal."

"You didn't," Humphrey said. "The brakes were shot, kaput, and they'll need \$16,40 worth of repair work."

"Why is that cloud of dense black smoke following us, is there a fire nearby?" the agent said.

"Nope. It's the car. The engine was wet and needs new piston rings, valves, radiator cap and a dipstick. It'll cost \$16,40 to fix," Humphrey said.

THE AGENT'S mouth fell open. He was horrified. He revealed his true identity and announced as he departed, "I'm gonna have to report this."

We, too, were flabbergasted and it takes a lot to flabberg a NEWS EXTRA reporter's past. Some time later we managed to contact the World Liars' Club Select Subcommittee on Unapproved Truth Telling.

"You see, our investigation showed that Mr. Humphrey is far worse than an occasional backslider. A man who tells the truth about a used car supply cannot be trusted for dishonesty. Hubert is subconsciously honest."

"I think he's still out there in no place in government, or the Liars' Club for that matter, for a mentality such as his. How he got as far as he did it beyond us."

"It's too bad about his career, though, as he is obviously unfit for big business, the law or other professions. Maybe he can make it as a retiree."

THE NATIONAL
NEWS
EXTRA



**She Froze
Her Frijoles
Off to Have
Her Picture
Taken for You**

This is the last known photo of Frigida da Philia, Hollywood starlet who died tragically of exposure while making her first feature film, "Sex Above the Arctic Circle." The movie was shot on an island 350 miles from the North Pole, and Frigida's cute little body just couldn't take the climate. The photo you see was taken as Frigida posed on a waterbed that had turned to solid ice in the minus-70 degree location. The setting is the poorly decorated igloo of an Eskimo chief. Note that poor Frigida, though smiling gamely, is hugging herself trying to keep warm. Five hours later she was dead of pneumonia.